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THE AMAZING
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MARVEL Holiday Special

MARVEL HOLIDAY SPECIAL

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MARVEL HOLIDAY SPECIAL



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Witterstaetter's Witticisms



Horton the elephant! You remember him? How could any of us raised on Dr. Seuss and cats in hats forget?

I never have. Amongst the gobs of goo and the grinchies that stole Christmas, that likeable elephant has always been my favorite.

Why? Because he seemed so, well...human. He had his doubts and fears. He was put upon by friends and teased by enemies. He was quite happy to go through life unbothered and undisturbed.

That was until one day he heard a very small "Help" coming from a dandelion, and he discovered a parallel world, smaller but none-the-less as important, as his own. At that point, he also discovered the hero inside himself.

Sometimes it IS the small things that make us think. Let me give you an example. On a recent trip to Hong Kong, stuck in my room with violent monsoon storms raging around me, I occasionally looked out the window at the dark, foreboding sky and the sheets of water literally drenching down the street. And there, perched precariously on my ledge was an egg, a pigeon's egg. An ill-advised place for a nest no-doubt—a mistake I would hope not to make were I a pigeon. But, my heart still went out to that little egg as, like Buster Keaton on roller skates, it would dash for the edge then roll back at the last possible moment. The poor mother would come back often to frantically help it. And there was nothing I could do, since my window wouldn't open. Helplessness is not a good feeling.

The last time I went to check on it, the egg was gone. Later, my friend picked me up and told me of the terrible destruction on Hong Kong Island. Mudslides had killed several people, and floods threatened the homes of many others. We were both silent...there was no other place in the world, no other moment in time than where I was right then.

With storms raging all around us, the events that happen right before our eyes somehow seem so much more real. It's that way with us. Until something slaps us in the face, we don't really believe it's there. It's some vague, make-believe thing. Are there really only a thousand giant otters left in the world? Are people really being killed in Bosnia? It's so far away from the streets we walk every day. Few of us take to heart the words of the writer who said: "I may never see a mountain gorilla, but I take great joy in knowing that they exist."

But, this is where we can learn our lesson from Horton. Remember the elephant who is "faithful one hundred percent."

We could take this time of year to look past our own limited field of vision and be faithful to something—a charity for hunger, disease or endangered species, perhaps. Give to it, watch it grow, learn about it...occasionally slip to the window and see if it's alright.

Our own personal dandelion. You might not hear that still small voice saying "Help" or even "Thank you." You may never hear it...but then again, you just might.

Just something to think about. Happy Holidays.



FOUND SOUNDS O' SILENCE!



BY LARRY HAMA,



AND MICHAEL GOLDEN.



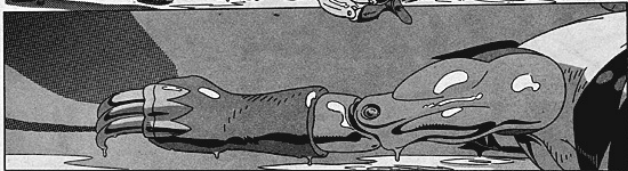














MANHATTAN DURING
THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

THE BUILDINGS SPARKLE IN
FESTIVE NEON AND A GAUZE
OF SOFT WHITE LIGHT
BLANKETS THE CITY.

ALL THAT ILLUMINATION
THEN, IS CERTAIN TO
CAST DEEPER, DARKER
SHADOWS.

SANTA--GIMME
SOME MONEY--I
BEEN A GOOD
BOY!

SHADOWS WHICH THE
ANGELS OF THE NIGHT
WILLINGLY CALL HOME--

--DARK ANGELS
SUCH AS THRASH,
FOUNDER OF--

THE NEW
WARRIORS

A STORY OF HOPE
AND FRIENDSHIP,
BROUGHT TO YOU BY!

FABIAN
NICIEZA
WRITER

DARICK
ROBERTSON
PENCILER

LARRY
MANLSTEDT
INKER

JOE ROSAS
COLORIST
BRAD K. JONES
LETTERER

IN
PRESENT TENSE



"JUST BE THANKFUL
THAT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND --"

--AND THAT YOU TRY
AS HARD AS YOU DO TO
HELP OTHERS AFFORD
THAT LUXURY..."

PERFECT.

SHE'LL REALLY
LOVE THIS.

CHRISTMAS
BUNGUY
BUNGUY

ELVVVVIN!!

YO, EL, HOMEY-- CHECK
OUT THE MERCANTILE
SCOOPS I HAVE
PURCHASED WITH
PARENTAL PLASTIC!

ROB-- QUITE A HAUL, LITTLE GUY.

I LOOOVE DOING ALL
MY SHOPPING ON
CHRISTMAS EVE!

MONDO-
FANDEMONIUM!

I WENT UP TO
HANLEY'S
UNIVERSE--
CHECK THIS OUT--

HEY, I CAN
TALK!

--GOT
IT FOR MY
DAD--

JUST PRESS
MY BUTTONS
AND HEAR THE
SOUNDS
OF THE
HUMAN!

I WANT TO
EAT YOUR
BRAIN!

I WANT
TO EAT YOU
AGAIN!

I'M SURE HE'LL LOVE IT.

FOR SURE.

WHATCHOU GET GRANDMA MOSEST?



SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE FRANCE.

THIS IS AS CLOSE AS SHE'LL GET, I GUESS.

COOL. WHAT ELSE?



Uhm...THAT'S IT...



YOU CHEAPSKATE!!

ONE GIFT FOR THE ELDERLY ANGEL WHO HAS RAISED YOU TO SUCH STRAPPING PROPORTIONS?



UHM... ONE GIFT IS ALL WE EVER EXCHANGE, ROB.

IT'S ALL WE'VE EVER BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD.



UHM... ELVIN, MAN--

--I'M SORRY--



IT'S JAKE, SQUIRT.

LET'S HAUL YOUR BONY BUTT AND BOOTY OVER TO THE CRASH-PAD--

--WE'RE STILL MEETING EVERYONE FOR A LATE DINNER, RIGHT?

MORRISTOWN,
NEW JERSEY--
THE HOME OF
ANGELICA
JONES...



COME
ON,
COME
ON...



HOW LONG CAN IT TAKE
THEM TO FIND HIM?!



YEAH, JUST WHAT
I WAS THINKING,
PUMPKIN.

COME ON, ALL
READY...

VANCE!!



HELLO?!



HI,
ANGEL--
MERRY
CHRISTMAS.



HAPPY CHANUKAH
RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

HOW'VE
YOU
BEEN?!

HANGING IN
THERE, ANG.

THEY HAVE
PRETTY GOOD
TEACHERS
HERE IN THE
VAULT SO I'M
DOUBLING MY
CREDIT LOAD.



I--I GUESS.

VANCE, I'M SORRY
CHANUKAH PASSED
AND I COULDN'T
GET YOU A
PRESENT. I--



ANGEL--HONEY--YOU
GOT ME THE BEST
PRESENT OF ALL.

THE SOUND
OF YOUR
VOICE...

GREENWICH,
CONNECTICUT.
ON THE LUXURIOUS
PORCH OF LAURA
DUNHAM'S
HOME--

--STANDS A
VERY ILL-AT-
EASE SUITOR...

YOU'RE NUTS FOR
DOING THIS, RICHIE.

SHOULD'VE
CALLED
FIRST.

IF SHE WANTED
ME HERE, SHE
WOULD'VE INVITED
ME, RIGHT ?

WHO'AM I
KIDDIN' ?

LOOK
AT
'EM!

I KNEW I WOULDN'T
FIT INTO HER WORLD.

SHOULD'VE
CALLED
FIRST.

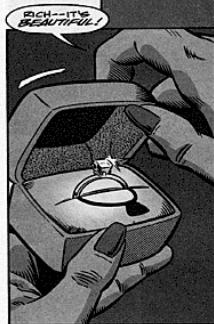
YOU CAN GO TOE-TO-TOE
WITH THOSE AX, BUT NOT
FACE YOUR GIRLFRIEND
AT HER OWN HOUSE ?
C'MON !!

I'M NOT GOING TO
LET ANYTHINGS
INTIMIDATE ME !

BING
DOONG

EXCEPT MAYBE A
SMOOTY DOORBELL...





MANHATTAN, THE APARTMENT OF
NANCY RITA PRENTISS.

SHE IS A COLLEGE
STUDENT, A BUSINESS-
WOMAN, THE CURRENT
LEADER OF THE NEW
WARRIORS--

CHRISTMAS IS AS
ALIEN TO HER HUMAN
HALF AS THE FESTIVAL
OF J'ASHVE'DYAN
IS TO HER ATLANTEAN
SIDE.

FOR TOO LONG, SHE HAS WALKED THE FINE
LINE BETWEEN HAVING TWO HERITAGES
AND BELONGING TO NONE.

IF IT BOTHERS HER,
SHE DOESN'T SHOW IT.

NOT EVEN TO THE
BEST FRIENDS
SHE HAS IN THE
ENTIRE WORLD.

--AND A HYBRID POWERHOUSE MIX
OF ATLANTEAN AND HUMAN
GENETIC TRAITS.

FOR ALL OF THIS THOUGH,
SHE IS STILL FEELING EMPTY
WHEN IT COMES TO UNDER-
STANDING THIS TIME OF
THE YEAR.

THE ONES SHE FEELS
A STRONG NEED TO BE
WITH DURING THIS
DIFFICULT TIME OF THE
YEAR.











A SUDDEN HUSH FALLS OVER THE CROWD AS IT WAITS FOR AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS CHRISTMAS TREE TO BURST INTO A GLORIOUS BLAZE OF LIGHT...

SEE THAT STAR ATOP THE TREE?

IT'S THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT!



AT LAST, THE MAGIC MOMENT ARRIVES!

IT'S LIT!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO GLORIOUS!



BUT, SECONDS LATER--DIS-ASTER!

WHAT HAPPENED!

EVERY-THING'S GONE DARK!



ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT! THE TREE-- THE BUILDINGS-- THE STREET LAMPS!

THERE'S GOT TO BE A REASON!



MAYBE IT'S A SHORT CIRCUIT!

IMPOSSIBLE! ALL THIS WORLD'S BEEN TESTED BY EXPERTS!

THEN WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED IT?



A BLINDING SPARK ILLUMINE A NEARBY ROOFTOP!

THE CITY IS ABOUT TO LEARN THE ANSWER!



LOOK UP THERE! IT'S ELECTRO, MASTER OF ALL ELECTRICITY!

I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY A LEGEND!

NO! HE REALLY EXISTS! AND HE'S HERE!





WOAH! MAYBE I SHOULD'VE ASKED!

HE ELECTRO-BLASTED THE WHOLE CORNER OF THE BUILDING!



RUN, YOU SNIVELING FOOL!

AT LAST YOU SEE YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ELECTRO!

WHO'S RUNNING?

I JUST WANNA GET A DICTIONARY...

--SO I CAN SEE WHAT POWER MEANS!

WHEN YOU RETURN, YOU'LL LEARN WHAT POWER MEANS!

THE POWER OF ELECTRO!



HE'S GONE! WITH ALL HIS PHONY BRAGGADOZZO HE WAS MERELY PLAYING TO THE CROWD!

LOOK AT THEM DOWN THERE! FEARFUL AND HELPLESS--

-- JUST LIKE THE VANQUISHED WEB-SWINGER!

AND, SPEAKING OF OUR FAVORITE WEBHEAD...

WELL, I'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH TIME TO HYPE HIMSELF UP WITH AN OVERDOSE OF SELF-CONFIDENCE!

SO I GUESS THE NEXT MOVE IS UP TO ME!

SHEESH! WHY CAN'T VILLAINS JUST GIVE UP?

IT WOULD SAVE SO MUCH TIME AND TROUBLE!





THIS IS
THE END!

I'M
HARNESSING ALL
MY ENERGY INTO
ONE SEENESS-
SHATTERING
THRUST!

ME, I'M MORE
LOW-KEY! I'LL
JUST THWIP A
LITTLE STRAND
OF WEBBING!

"YOU FOOL! WHAT CAN
YOUR PUNY WEBBING
DO AGAINST A LIVING
DYNAMO OF DEATH?"

THE STAR! I
WEBBED IT!

MY TIMING'S
GOTTA BE
PERFECT!

"WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO FIND OUT, WON'T WE?"

--JUST AS
HE'S UN-
LEASHING HIS
GREATEST
POWER
BOLT!

I WON'T
GET A
SECOND
CHANCE!

NOOOO!

I DID
IT!

THE GIANT
STAR CAUGHT
HIS SURGE OF
POWER AND
REFLECTED
IT BACK TO
HIM!

HE WAS
ZAPPED BY
HIS OWN SUPER
VOLTAGE!

NOT EVEN
ELECTRO COULD
HANDLE SUCH
A BLAST!

WHEN HE
WAKES UP THE
LAW WILL
TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

AS FOR YOU, LITTLE
STAR SWEETIE, LET'S
PUT YOU BACK WHERE
YOU BELONG!

AND, WHAT BETTER SEASON COULD
THERE BE FOR A NICE, OLD-FASHIONED
HEART-WARMING HAPPY ENDING...?

WELL, MONEY,
ELECTRO'S BEEN
DEFEATED AND THE
LIGHTS ARE ON
AGAIN!

SO TELL ME
YOU'RE NOT ANGRY
ANYMORE!

OF COURSE
I'M NOT, PETEY! NOW
CAN I BE ANGRY AT
THE MAN WHO'S
GOING TO TAKE ME
CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING!

SHOPPING?

DID I SAY
SOMETHING
WRONG?

NO, I WAS
JUST HOPING SOME
OTHER VILLAIN
WOULD TURN UP--
LIKE FIRST!

HEY, WHAT'S
THAT ABE PINNED
TO ELECTRO?

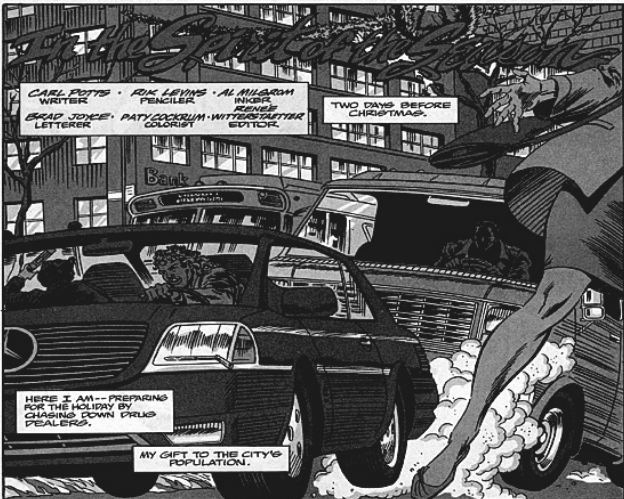
IT SAYS, "HAPPY
HOLIDAYS FROM
YOUR FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD
GUY--MAN!"

The End





RON
GARNER
BOB
GUYER



CARL POTTS • RIK LEVINS • AL MILGROM
WRITER PENCILER INKER
BRAD JOYCE • PATY COCKRUM • WITTERSTATTER
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

TWO DAYS BEFORE
CHRISTMAS.

HERE I AM--PREPARING
FOR THE HOLIDAY BY
CHASING DOWN DRUG
DEALERS.

MY GIFT TO THE CITY'S
POPULATION.

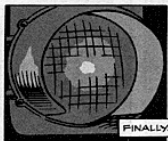
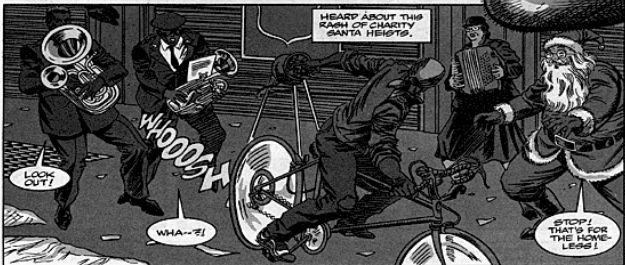
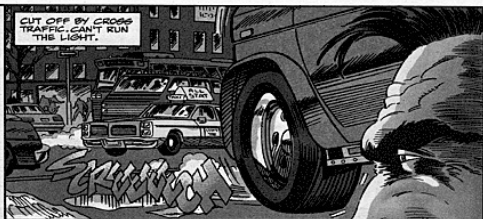


IT'S THE
PUNISHER!
STEP ON IT!

THIS IS TOO
DANGEROUS.



STREETS ARE
FULL OF SHOPPERS.
SOMEONE'S
GOING TO GET
HIT.



A FEW HOURS LATER...

MICROCHIPS WORKING LATE AGAIN.

DON'T HAVE TO BE PSYCHIC TO KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY.

WHAT A MESS! CHRISTMAS AROUND THE CORNER AND YOU, ONCE ALMOST A PRIEST, GO AROUND GETTING INTO FIREFIGHTS...

...AND TRASHING A LOT OF MY HARD WORK TO BOOT! JUST LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO THE VAN!

I JUST RID THE WORLD OF A HOMICIDAL MANIAC AND A MAJOR DRUG DEALER, WORTH A FEW DENTS IN THE VAN 'E

HAHAHAHA...

GOT A BIG STAKEOUT NEXT WEEK. CAN YOU CUSTOMIZE THE VAN'S ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS BY THEN 'E

I SUPPOSE THAT YOU WANT THE WHOLE VAN REPAIRED, TOO 'E

FRANK, I'LL BET THAT YOU CAN'T GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS FOR THE NEXT 48 HOURS WITHOUT RESORTING TO LETHAL MEANS.

NO SHOOTING, STABBING, OR HITTING. NO OFFENSE AT ALL.

WHY WOULD I EVEN TAKE SUCH A STUPID BET 'E

IF YOU CAN DO IT, FOR JUST TWO DAYS, I'LL HAVE THE VAN ALL READY TO GO FOR YOU NEXT WEEK.

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE VAN AS IS.

IF I DON'T MAKE IT 'E

HARDLY IN KEEPING WITH THE HOLIDAY SEASON, MICRO.

WHAT'S THE POT SAYING TO THE KETTLE 'E

















...Hosts of Christmas Comics Past!

In last year's HOLIDAY SPECIAL, we covered classic holiday tales from the dawn of the Marvel Age in the early sixties up to the mid-1970s. In this installment, we spotlight yuletide tales from the mid-seventies up to the present.

We start off with a little offering entitled "Silent Night...Deadly Night!" (Christmas Eve, 1974) from MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #8. MTIO was the mag in which the ever-lovin' blue-eyed Thing teamed up with a different Marvel superstar every month. His co-star in that particular mini-epic...none other than the original Ghost Rider! The story started off when a mysterious star appeared over the tribe of Wyatt Wingfoot in Arizona. Ghost Rider stumbled upon three wise men on camelback, who were following the star. Over at the Baxter Building in New York, Reed Richards was monitoring the star, and felt someone should fly out and investigate. The Thing offered to go, so Reed could spend Christmas Eve with his family.

GR and Ben met up in Arizona, where they learned the whole thing was a plot set up by the Miracle Man. It seems MM had used his powers to cause a child to be born immaculately (that means without a mother or father, natch!) and was trying to mold the child into a modern-day Jesus Christ! If you think that plot sounds strange, you haven't lived till you've seen Ben and Ghost Rider go undercover as two of the Three Wise Men! This inspired weirdness came compliments of writer Steve Gerber, who in the seventies was known for his bizarre work on HOWARD THE DUCK and THE DEFENDERS.

Our next holiday tale is not a Christmas tale at all—rather, it's a New Year's Eve saga from DAREDEVIL #120, entitled "And a Hydra New Year." The story involved a bunch of HYDRA agents raiding a New Year's Eve party held by DD's friend, Foggy Nelson. DD's then-girlfriend, the Black Widow was in attendance as well. Nick Fury and his agents of SHIELD pulled a last-minute rescue, and Nick made a special offer to Foggy. The next issue back offered this promising teaser: "Foggy Nelson, Agent of SHIELD?" (Fortunately for all of us, Foggy wound up not joining SHIELD, preferring instead to remain as Matt Murdock's legal partner.)

X-MEN #98 offered another Christmas tale, featuring "The All-New, All-Different X-Men" as the team was called then. (Scott Lobdell and Dave Cockrum did a prequel to this story in last year's MARVEL HOLIDAY SPECIAL.) Of course, these days, there is an almost completely new group of X-Men, so the former "new" X-Men could now be considered "the old new X-Men!" The story started with the X-Men out for an evening of merriment, start-

ing at the ice skating rink at Rockefeller Center. Wolverine wandered off, commenting, "I got no use for Christmas." The creators of the original X-Men, Stan Lee and Jack Kirby made a cameo appearance, noting how different these X-Men were from the originals. Scott and Jean professed their love for one another. And then the Sentinels went and attacked and ruined everything!

The fight with the Sentinels began on the roof of Rockefeller Center, and finished in outer space! The story continued for two more issues, winding up in the classic X-MEN #100, which pitted the New X-Men against robot duplicates of the original X-Men.

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #166 was a yuletide tale for coldblooded people, as it featured the war of the reptile men! It seems our old friend Stegorn the Dinosaur Man had found a way to bring old dinosaur skeletons from a museum to life, and had sent a trio of dino on a rampage in New York. Stegorn was once the lab assistant of Dr. Curt Connors, and when Connors found out what Stegorn was up to, he once again changed to the lethal Lizard, eager for revenge! Spidey had to stop this reptile parade and get Dr. Curt Connors home in time for Christmas!

Spidey succeeded, natch. He changed the Lizard back into Curt Connors. Connors caused the dinosaurs to revert back into skeletons, and Stegorn met the same fate as his dinosaur ancestors had millions of years before: he fell into icy water and was killed by the cold! Once all the excitement was over,

Spidey peeked in as the Connors family celebrated Christmas. The heartwarming scene caused Spidey to reflect on the nature of Christmas: "Sharing, giving...that's what it's really all about, isn't it?" Spidey swung off into the night, shouting out "Merry Christmas, New York—you great big shiny apple you! And God bless us...everyone!"

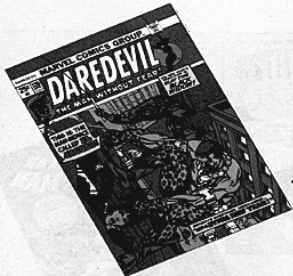
X-MEN #143 contained a Christmas classic by the ultimate X-MEN team—Chris Claremont, John Byrne, and Terry Austin! The story was called "Demon," and its similarity to the movie ALIEN was purely intentional. The issue found then-X-Man Kitty Pryde alone in the X-Mansion on Christmas Eve, forced to fight a savage N'Garal demon all by her lonesome! This was Kitty's first real test in solo action, and she passed with flying colors. (Since Kitty will eventually grow up to look like Sigourney Weaver, this came as no big surprise!)

A second Daredevil Christmas tale appeared in issue #169 of "Horn-Head's" mag. That story, by Frank Miller and Klaus Janson, had an insane Bullseye going around thinking everyone in the world looked like Daredevil. Since Bullseye wanted to kill Daredevil, he felt obligated to kill everyone he met! Daredevil had to blow off a Christmas Eve party held by Foggy Nelson in order to track down Bullseye. DD defeated Bullseye, and could have left the villain to die on the subway tracks; instead, DD pulled Bullseye off the tracks just in time, proving Frank Miller's claim that Daredevil is the most Christian of all super heroes. DD gave Bullseye the gift of life—what better theme for a Christmas story?

Yet another DD holiday story appeared in issue #229, again written by Miller. This time, DD was at a low point in his life: he'd lost his job, his apartment, his friends. He was living as a homeless man in New York. As if things weren't bad enough, DD was knifed by his old foe, Turk, who was dressed as Santa Claus! Things ended on a hopeful note, as DD was taken in by a kindly nun who turned out to be DD's own mother!

Turk wasn't the only villain to pass himself as Santa, though. The Rhino had the same idea in issue #378 of the INCREDIBLE HULK. In this humorous tale written by Peter David, a dejected and disgusted Rhino figured out an easy way to make some money during the holiday season: he walked a street corner Santa and stole his uniform. He then went around disguised as Santa, collecting money for his favorite charity—himself! The Rhino's plan backfired, however, when he found himself called in to cover for a drunken department store Santa. At first, Rhino was thrilled to be working with kids, noting, "This is the first time I've ever been greeted with joy and





happiness. . . instead of screams!"

But inevitably, the Rhino's bad temper got the better of him — he's not very good with kids — and he went berserk, causing the Hulk to step in. The two got in a big fight, which went on until a little girl named Virginia stopped it by asking what Hulk was doing beating up Santa Claus! The story ended up with Hulk and Rhino teaming up to hand out presents to all the little boys and girls. Truly one of Marvel's holiday best!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #314 had an equally memorable Yuletide saga, by David Michelinie and Todd McFarlane. In that issue, Peter Parker and Mary Jane were evicted from their apartment, just in time for the holidays. At that time, Pete and MJ were living in a building owned by Jonathan Caesar, who was an obsessed fan of M.J.'s. Even though Caesar was in prison, he was still able to get revenge on MJ, who spurned him. He wanted to make her life difficult. Aunt May offered Pete and MJ a place to stay, but Pete turned her down. This left Pete and MJ with nowhere to live.

Meanwhile, a disgruntled employee of J.C. Herdingle's department store tried to rob the store of its Christmas profits. Naturally, Spidey got involved. Spidey recovered the

money, with the timely assistance of. . . Santa Claus! Pete and MJ decided to accept Aunt May's offer after all. It was while visiting the grave of his Uncle Ben that Peter reached his decision, noting that although he didn't want to be dependent on Aunt May, part of his being a responsible adult was knowing when to swallow your pride and accept the hospitality of those who love you.

Spider-Man has probably had more Christmas tales than just about any other hero. (When you have five monthly titles, that increases the odds a little bit!) Another tale of holiday havoc was found in SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #173, by Spidey team supreme "Merry" Gerry Conway and "Our Pal" Sal Buscema. That story had a quiet Christmas Eve at Aunt May's house shattered by a visit by Dr. Octopus. Doc Ock, as you'll recall, had once lived as a boarder at Aunt May's house. (Heck, he almost married her once!) Ock considered May Parker to be the only person who knew him as the kind and decent person he once was.

Ock was hoping for a quiet visit with May Parker on Christmas Eve. But when Spidey saw a super-villain showing up on his aunt's doorstep, he naturally overreacted and attacked. This led to a big battle in Aunt May's

front yard — exactly the type of thing Ock had hoped to avoid. Aunt May came out and stopped the fight, and Doc Ock departed, followed soon after by a ashamed Spider-Man. Somehow, their own petty differences just didn't seem to matter in light of this joyous occasion. Even super-villains and super heroes can call a truce, one night a year.

THE SENSATIONAL SHE-HULK #8 showed us what Santa Claus does the other 364 days of the year — he works as a private eye named Nick St.Christopher! Santa makes a great private eye — he sees you when you're sleeping, he knows when you're awake, he knows if you're bad or good — let's face it, there's no putting anything over on this guy! He's a regular Columbo!

Finally, we come to SHE-HULK #36, a holiday tale in which Jen's Dad had his greatest Christmas wish come true — he got to see his daughter transform from the She-Hulk back to human form for one day! This was caused by Nick St.Christopher, who had promised Jen a special gift back in issue #9. Jen waited until John Byrne came back on her book as writer/artist before making use of this magical gift.





This concludes our list of classic Marvel holiday tales. We hope you enjoyed this little sleigh-ride down our snow-covered memory-lane. That about wraps it up for another year. Hopefully we'll be back next year with another HOLIDAY SPECIAL, and we'll see you then. But for now, we'd like to wish you Happy Holidays from all of us here at Mighty Marvel!

— "Big Boughs of Holly" Barry Dutter





REVISIONIST HISTORY

CHILDREN, THIS IS DOCTOR
~~LEONARD SAMPSON~~. I
WAS HIS TEACHER HERE AT THE
YESHIVA WHEN HE WAS A
VERY LITTLE BOY.

HI, KIDS.

AND, AS A
SPECIAL
TREAT, LEONARD
HAS COME BY
TO TELL YOU
ALL THE STORY OF
CHANUKAH,
SO I WANT
YOU ALL TO
PAY CLOSE
ATTENTION.

THANKS,
MRS. KLEN. AND
KIDS... IF YOU HAVE
ANY QUESTIONS,
JUST ASK.

PETER DAVID
WRITER
(AND BASED ON
AN INCIDENT FROM
HIS HEBREW
SCHOOL DAYS.)
JOHN HEBERT
PENCILS
MIKE DECARLO
INKS
BRAD JOYCE
LETTERS
GLYNIS OLIVER
COLORS



LONG AGO, THERE WAS A GROUP OF JEWS IN A PLACE CALLED JUDEA, AND THEY WERE CALLED MACCABEES, AND THEIR LEADER WAS NAMED JUDAH. JUDAH HAD THE MACCABEES.



AREN'T MACCABEES LIKE LITTLE COOKIES?

NO, THOSE ARE MACARONS. THE MACCABEES WERE MOSTLY SOLDIERS...

DID THEY HAVE GUNS?

NO, THEY HAD...

IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE GUNS, THEY WOULDN'T BE SOLDIERS. SOLDIERS HAVE --

ALL RIGHT! THEY HAD GUNS! BIG GUNS! GUNS THAT COULD KNOCK DOWN BUILDINGS!



WHAT?!

LOOK, I JUST WANT TO GET THROUGH THE STORY ONCE, OKAY, MRS. KLEIN?

WELL... ALL RIGHT, LEONARD.

THE MACCABEES WERE OPPRESSED BY A TYR--A BAD GUY--FROM A PLACE CALLED SYRIA.

HIS NAME WAS ANTIOCHUS IV.

THIS IS BORING.

HOW COME WE DON'T HAVE SANTA CLAUS?

WAS THIS
ANTIBUY LIKE
DOCTOR DOOM?
AND DID HE
HAVE EVIL
HORDES, LIKE
THE SHEPHERD
ON TV?



WELL HE...
UH...

YES!

BUT HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE
DOCTOR DOOM. ACTUALLY,
HE WAS AN EVIL...UH,
ROBOT. HE WAS ANTIOCHUS
IV BECAUSE THERE WERE
THREE BEFORE HIM, BUT
HE WAS THE
WORST.

AND HE HAD...LOTS OF HUGE,
UGLY CREATURES, CALLED
FROM THE PIT OF...

HECK,
AND HE
SAID...

"SO, EVIL CREATURES
FROM HECK! SO AND
DESTROY THE JEWS
AND ALL OF JUDEA!"



COOL!

WHAT WAS JUDEA
LIKE 'F IT WASN'T SOME
BORING OLD CITY,
WAS IT?

OF COURSE NOT!
IT LOOKED LIKE...

KRYPTON!



"AND THE MACCABEES
CAME CHARGING FORWARD
TO MEET THE HORDES
OF ANTIOCHUS IV..."

WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA THERE?
AND WOLVERINE?

SURE?
WHY
NOT?

CAP
WOLVERINE,
THE
HULK...
LOTSA
GUYS!
ISN'T THIS
EXCITING?

YEAH!

IS THIS THE
PART WITH
GOLIATH?

"RIGHT! GOLIATH
THE GIANT, BUT CAPTAIN
AMERICA HIT HIM IN THE
FOREHEAD WITH HIS
SHIELD AND KNOCKED
HIM COLD."

I THOUGHT IT
WAS DAVID, AND HE
HIT HIM WITH A
ROCK.

THAT
WAS
UN... A
GOLIATH
CLONE.

"AT ANY RATE, THEY
DEFEATED THE
EVIL ANTI-CHRIST,
AND --"

THEY,
UH...
NUKED
HIM.

AFTER HE
WAS NUKED, THEY
TOOK BACK THEIR
TEMPLE. AND IT
WAS FILLED WITH
IDOLS...

MY DAD SAYS
HIS IDOL IS
ELVIS.

RIGHT, IT WAS
FILLED WITH
STATUES AND
PICTURES OF
ELVIS.

"HOW'D THEY
BEAT HIM,
DOCTOR
SAMSON?"



SO THEY
CLEANED OUT
THE IDOLS, AND
THEY WENT TO
LIGHT THE HOLY
LAMP BUT THEY
DISCOVERED THERE
WAS ONLY ENOUGH
OIL TO LIGHT THE
LAMP FOR ONE
DAY.

I THOUGHT YOU PUT OIL IN CARS,
NOT LAMPS. AND WHY DIDN'T THEY
JUST PLUG THE LAMP IN?

IT WAS A REALLY OLD
KIND OF LAMP. IT DIDN'T
HAVE A CORD OR
ANYTHING.

"SO THEY ONLY HAD ENOUGH OIL
TO LIGHT THE LAMP FOR ONE DAY..."

10W 30
MOTOR
OIL

WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST
USE BATTERIES?
THOSE KEEP GOING
AND GOING AND
GOING.

THEY WERE
OUT OF
BATTERIES.

SO THEY POURED THE
OIL INTO THE LAMP, AND
LO AND BEHOLD, A
MIRACLE OCCURRED.
INSTEAD OF JUST ONE
DAY...

10W 30
MOTOR
OIL

THE FLAME BURNED
FOR EIGHT WHOLE
DAYS.

I DON'T THINK IT WAS A
MIRACLE. I BET THE HUMAN
TORCH WAS HIDING
UNDER IT AND MADE
THE FLAME GO.

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I
BET THE HUMAN TORCH
WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE BURNING BUSH.
AND Y'KNOW WHAT
ELGET HE—





40/LE/MEMORY

I, THANOS, AM EMBARKED ON A PROGRAM OF REOPENING AND RETROFITTING SEVERAL OF MY FORMER HIDEAWAYS.

RECENT EVENTS HAVE CLEARLY SHOWN THAT, DESPITE SETTING ASIDE MY GALAXY CONQUERING INTENTIONS, THE UNIVERSE STILL REMAINS A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR THIS PARTICULAR TITAN.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN ONE OF THESE OLD HAUNTS MIGHT PROVE AN ADVANTAGE.

Sir, what shall we do with the items the crew cleaned out of the back rooms?

DISPOSE OF THEM.

WAIT!

LET ME SEE THE CONTENTS OF THAT BOX.



What have you there, Master Thanos?

SIMPLY A DOLL.



JIM STARLIN
WRITER
RON LIM
ART
TERRY AUSTIN
INKS
BRAD JOYCE-LETTERS
TOM VINCENT-COLORS



IT ONCE
BELONGED
TO A
CHILD
NAMED
GAMORA.

Did you not raise
this woman from
infancy to become
a field operative
in your past
endeavors?



"YES, BUT I DID NOT DESIRE JUST ANY
PSYCHOPATHIC ASSASSIN IN MY
EMPLOY.

"I WANTED A FIGHTING AND KILLING
MACHINE, BUT ONE THAT COULD REASON
WITH A SOUND AND RATIONAL MIND."



SO I ENDEAVORED TO GIVE GAMORA
THE TRAININGS SHE WOULD NEED
FOR HER FUTURE LABORS...

...WHILE GRANTING HER
AS NORMAL A
CHILDHOOD AS I
COULD MUSTER.



I EVEN WENT SO FAR AS
ASSIGNING HER A BIRTH-
DAY AND...

...CELEBRATING CERTAIN
HOLIDAYS WITH THE CHILD IN
ORDER TO PERPETRATE THE
ILLUSION OF FAMILY LIFE.



ONE OF THE HOLIDAYS WE
HONORED WAS THE FREE-
CHRISTIAN YULE WITH
SHADES OF MODERN EARTH'S
CHRISTMAS TOSSED INTO
THE MIX.



"GAMORA WAS SO YOUNG BACK THEN.
SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN
FIVE YEARS OLD."

A
BABY
DOLL!



"EVEN BACK THEN,
THANOS OF TITAN
HAD HIS ENEMIES."

"UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS
NOWHERE NEAR AS
SECURITY CONSCIOUS
THEN AS I AM TODAY."

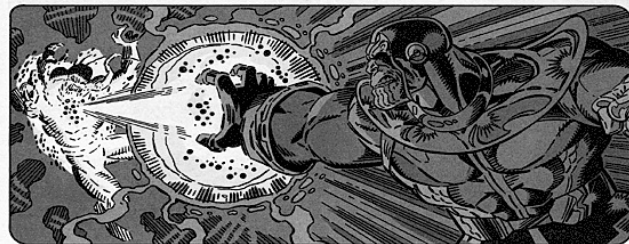
"HIS NAME WAS
XTORAL LAXTAN."

"I HAD HAD BUSINESS
DEALINGS WITH HIS FAMILY."

"THEY HAD TRIED TO CHEAT
ME AND I HAD DEALT WITH
THEM ACCORDINGLY."

"I DID NOT TAKE SERIOUSLY
THE BLOOD OATH XTORAL
LAXTAN HAD REPEATEDLY
TAKEN TO AVENGE HIS
FAMILY."

"THAT NEARLY PROVED TO BE
A FATAL MISCALCULATION."







IT IS BUT A DAMAGED PLAY-THING, ONLY GOOD FOR THE MEMORIES IT MIGHT INVOKE.

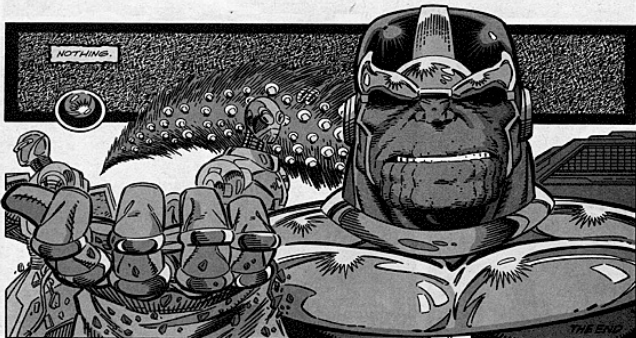
BUT MEMORIES ARE FOR THOSE CAPABLE OF CARING; FOR THOSE WHO CAN STILL FEEL.

TOO MUCH FEAR TIES US LIES OVER ANY GENTLER EMOTIONS PROUD THANOS MIGHT ONCE HAVE HAD.

ALL SENSITIVITY HAS LONG AGO ATROPHIED.

CARING IS FOR THE WEAK.

AND THERE IS NOTHING WEAK ABOUT MIGHTY THANOS.



THE END



TO MANY, THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS A TIME FOR REMEMBERING.

TO THE FRIENDS OF TONY STARK, THIS CHRISTMAS IS AN OCCASION TO REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES, BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY.

TO RANDY MACKLIN, IT'S A TIME TO REMEMBER A HOLIDAY SEASON, NOT LONG AGO, AND TO REMEMBER HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH...



I'M SORRY, MR. MACKLIN, BUT THERE JUST AREN'T ANY SUITABLE POSITIONS OPEN RIGHT NOW. MAYBE IF YOU CHECK BACK WITH US AFTER THE HOLIDAYS...



HOLIDAY ON ICE

SHOLLY
FISCH
WRITER

TOM
MORRISAN
ARTIST

BRAD K.
SONZ
LETTERER

ED
LAZELLARI
COLORIST

THIS STORY OCCURRED IN HAPPIER TIMES FOR THE STARK "FAMILY"—WELL BEFORE THE EVENTS OF CURRENT IRON MAN ISSUES.



YEAH, AND THEN WHAT? CHECK BACK AGAIN IN FEBRUARY? AND THEN A MONTH AFTER THAT?!

WE BEEN DOIN' THIS FOR TWO MONTHS ALREADY! WHY DON'T YOU JUST SAY WHAT YOU MEAN--



--NOBODY WANTS TO HIRE AN EX-CON!

IT AIN'T RIGHT, I DID MY TIME FOR KNOCKIN' OVER THAT LIQUOR STORE.

AND IT AIN'T JUST ME, SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE I GREW UP WITH IS DOIN' TIME.

BRASSER'S STILL IN DEBATE, JUNIOR LEE PULLED HARD TIME IN RYKER'S...

EVEN DONNY--WE THOUGHT HE HAD IT MADE WHEN JUSTIN HARMER HIRED HIM TO BE BUTLER, BUT INSTEAD, HE WINDS UP IN THE VAULT!



MA?

SHE'S NOT HOME, GOOD.

'CAUSE SHE NEVER REALIZED THAT DONNY ASKED ME TO TAKE CARE OF HIS SPARE CLOTHES.
SORRY, MA.



I TRIED TO GO STRAIGHT, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME.

I'M GONNA DO A BETTER JOB OF THIS THAN DONNY DID, THOUGH. AND TO PROVE IT, I'LL START BY TAKIN' DOWN THE GUY WHO SENT DONNY TO JAIL--

"--IRON MAN!"

TAKE A LESSON, JIM. HAVING SPOTTED HIS PREY BENEATH THIS MISTLETOE, INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED PLAYBOY TONY STARK MOVED IN FOR THE KILL!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. ARBOGAST!

IT WON'T BE CHRISTMAS FOR ANOTHER FEW DAYS, MR. STARK, BUT MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, TOO.

HEY, YOU KIDS! NONE OF THAT KISSING NOW!

HI, ABE. HAPPY CHANUKAH!

THANKS, AND THANKS FOR REMEMBERING THE POTATO LATKES. THIS IS QUITE A PARTY!

IT'S BEEN QUITE A YEAR! THANKS TO THE CONTRACTS WE PICKED UP THIS YEAR, STARK ENTERPRISES IS REALLY GETTING OFF THE GROUND.

AND AS IF WE NEEDED ANOTHER GOOD OMEN, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY IN LOS ANGELES-- IT'S STARTED TO SNOW! WE MAY EVEN GET A WHITE--



CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU
WOULD WANT ME, THOUGH.
NOT AFTER WHAT I DID
TO YOU THE LAST
TIME.

ANOTHER NEW
BLIZZARD? WHAT DO THEY
DO--*MASS PRODUCE*
YOU GUYS?

WHOA--*CAREFUL!*
THE ARMOR'S STABILIZERS WILL
HELP WITH THIS
TURBULENCE, BUT
I CAN BARELY SEE
OUTSIDE MY
ARMOR!

STILL, THIS SUIT WOULD
BE PRETTY DARN USE-
LESS IF IT COULDN'T
OPERATE UNDER
CONDITIONS OF LOW
VISIBILITY!

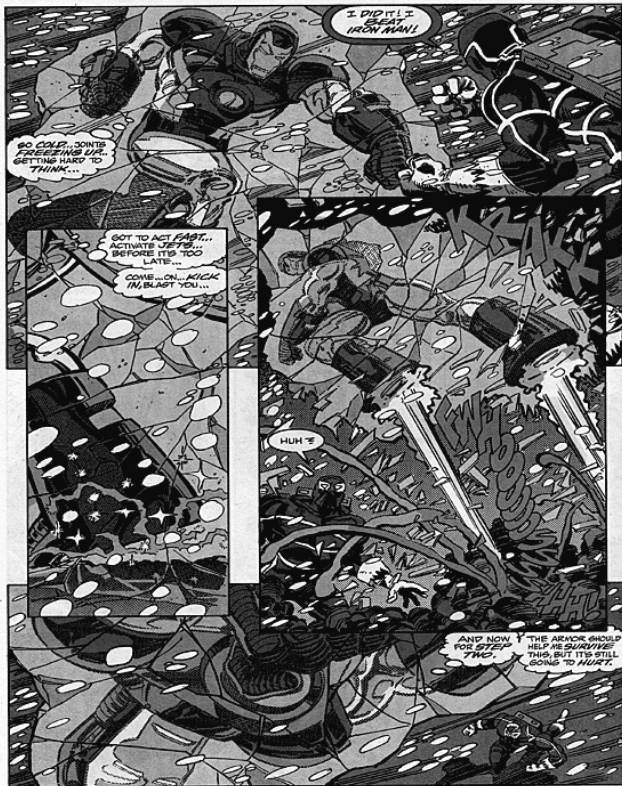
--AND FLY
BY
INSTRUMENTS!

THERE
WE GO!

NICE
TRY,
HERO--

WASN'T ME, HERO!
YOU'RE UP AGAINST
THE NEW BLIZZARD
NOW!

--BUT THE SNOWSTORM
WAS JUST COVER!
LET'S SEE HOW YOUR
ARMOR HOLDS UP TO
ABSOLUTE ZERO!









HULK OF X-MAS PAST!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE FINALLY
BEEN BOUGHT.



AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THAT
ANTIQUE SHOP WITH THAT MUTE OLD
BLIND MAN, LISTENING TO HIS SON
DESCRIBE THE PAINTINGS HE WAS
SELLING SO HE COULD FIX A
PRICE.

AND ME, AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS, I FINALLY FIND OUT
WHAT I COST.



I WONDER, WILL I
MISS THEM ?

THE BOY WOULD STARE INTO THE
PICTURES WITH HIS MOON-FACE,
LIKE HE WAS IN A TRANCE, AND
FINALLY SAY: "A DARK FOREST,
DENSE AND SAD, HIDES THREE
ANGELS WITH NO FACES."



"WHAT ARE
THEY DOING?"
THE OLD MAN
WOULD
CROAK AT
HIM.

AN' MOON-FACE WOULD
ANSWER: "NOTHIN' MUCH."

AND THEN, AS THE BOY GREW
AND GOT SICK OF HIS LIFE, HE
BEGAN TO LIE TO THE OLD
MAN.



"IT'S A DIRTY PAINTING."
HE'D SAY. "THE ANGELS
ARE LIFTING THEIR
SKIRTS."

AND THE OLD MAN WOULD SWEAR
REVENGE ON THE ANTIQUE DEALER
WHO WOULD TRICK A BLIND MAN BY
SELLING HIM A BLASPHEMOUS
PAINTING.



THE MORE THE BOY LIED,
THE MORE THE OLD MAN
TRUSTED HIS WORD.

SO, HERE I AM, BORN AGAIN AT
THIRTY THREE. A NEW LIFE.



AND ME NO SPRING LAMB. MY WORLD
WAS AS SMALL AS THE CURIO SHOP'S
WALLS, AND NOW MAYBE I'LL GET TO
SEE SOMETHING BIG !

THIS GUY WHO BOUGHT ME,
WRAPS ME UP WITH SUCH
SENSITIVE FINGERS.



GEE, JUST AS I WAS GETTIN'
USED TO HIS GENTLE TOUCH,
I REALIZE I MUST BE A
PRESENT FOR SOMEONE.



ONLY REASON
TO WRAP ME
UP.



I WONDER
WHO I'M
FOR ?

THE RAPT LAMB

WOW, THIS GUY
CAN FLY!

I'M UPSIDE DOWN!
I CAN FEEL HIS
MUSCLES TENSING...
THEN RELEASE. I
CAN FEEL HIS
BLOOD PUMPING...
HE LIVES THIS!
OH, YEAH, HE'S
HAPPY NOW!

CHRISTMAS ALWAYS
MAKES ME THINK OF
KIDS.

EVEN I USED
TO HAVE A FEW.
I'D SEND 'EM
A CARD IF I
HAD A PEN...

I BETTER
GET HARVEY
SOMETHING
NICE FOR
CHRISTMAS...

OTHERWISE HE'LL
SUSPECT THAT I
DON'T LOVE HIM
AND I'M CHEATIN'
ON HIM.

WOULDN'T WANT HIM
TO GET SUSPICIOUS
RIGHT BEFORE ME
AN' JACK FIND A
CHANCE TO SHOOT
THE FAT LUB.

I'LL START
MY DIET
RIGHT AFTER
THE TWENTY
FIFTH...

...OR NO,
RIGHT
AFTER
NEW
YEAR'S.

HOPE
GIBBY GETS
ME THAT
NEW FLY-
CASTER...

OUCH,
WIND GUY
IS PICKIN'
UP.

THAT'S NO
WIND, THAT'S
THE
BACKDRAFT-

--FROM
DAREDEVIL.

OH, YEAH, RUMOR
HAS IT HE GETS
DEPRESSED ON
CHRISTMAS.

WELL, HE
SHOULD
BE. LOOK
AROUND
YOU, MAN.

ANN
NOCENTI
WRITER

TOM
GRINBERG
PENCILER

FRED
FREDERICKS
INKER

BRADY
SONS
LETTERER

EVELYN
STEIN
COLORS

RENEE
WITTERSTAETTER
EDITOR

TOM
DEFALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF



THIS IS HEAVEN!

HE'S THE BEST!

I CAN FEEL HIS JOY!
OH, WHAT A LUCKY
MAN, TO BE SO HAPPY!



IF ONE MORE
PERSON...

...BUMPS
INTO ME...

...OR STEPS
ON ME AGAIN...

...I
SWEAR
I'LL KICK
THEM!



MY LORD, HE'S HEADING
TOWARDS A CHURCH!
BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN
TO CHURCH SINCE...

OH, YES, THAT LITTLE GIRL
THAT STUFFED ME IN HER
POCKET... LET'S SEE, THAT
WOULD BE THE EARLY
FIFTIES...

...BUT I COULDN'T BEAR CONFESSION
RIGHT NOW! NOT THAT I'VE BEEN
UP TO MUCH...



EXCEPT EAVESDROPPING...
AND MURDEROUS THOUGHTS...
AND A BIT OF GLOTH I GUESS.



MAYBE HE'S
JUST TAKING
A REST.







MUST BE HARD FOR HIM.

TO BE SO GENTLE ONE MOMENT, AND HAVE TO BE SO BRUTAL THE NEXT.

HE MUST BE A VERY CONFLICTED MAN.

OH, LISTEN TO ME, FORGETTING MY PLACE.

I AM, AFTER ALL, A SMALL, MEANINGLESS TOY LAMB.

AND HERE I GO-- FALLING IN LOVE.

TOYS CAN BE SO FOOLISH.

EIGHT

HEY! NOW WE GO TO A BART?

PINEAPPLE



OH, WE DON'T GO IN-- WE'RE JUST VOYEURS AGAIN.

HE IS A COVERT FELLOW.



YEAH, YEAH, WHAT COULDA BEEN...

THIS ONE'S ON ME, HUGO.

CRIPES, SAMMY'S TALKIN' TO HIS HAT, HECTOR'S DRINKING WITH HIS DEAD BROTHER...

ANOTHER NIGHT OF THE SAME OLD LYRICS.



NOT TODAY, MISS BLANCHE.

I AM EXPECTING A PHONE CALL...

OF COURSE.

EVENING, JACK. ANY GENTLEMAN CALLERS FOR ME?

HAVIN' THE USUAL?



IT WAS PURIN' A SAME SHOW LIKE THIS ONE, TWENTY YEARS AGO--

IT WAS THE BELLS! EVERY TIME I WON A POINT IN OUR FIGHT, THE BELLS RANG, LIKE I'D WON, LIKE I'D FINALLY BEATEN HER!

I HADDA LEAVE.

THAT I FINALLY GOT UP THE GUTS TO LEAVE MY WIFE.



WE'LL GO TO MOM'S FOR DINNER THIS YEAR, HUGO.



MAYBE BY NOW SHE'S FORGIVEN ME...





BEST WISHES
from Everyone at
Mighty Marvel!

